## The Second Coming of Mrs. Bain's First Husband

By Irvin S. Cobb

One of the Series of Evening Public Ledger Original Short Stories on Married Life by the Best American Fiction Writers

munition locker he might have borrowed So. on those frequently recurring clothes." spoken right up to point out the fact any one on this earth—and more of reflection that the lady decided on a that So-and-So notoriously neglected especially a husband—should be re- future plan of action. his family, or that he drank entirely too quired to suffer discomforts in silence. much for his own good, or that habitu- Suffering calls for vocal expression.

AT ANY rate, this was the beginning. Otherwise, as human beings go, Mr. A Eventually, Mr. Bain awoke to a Bain was no scandal-monger, under- and Mrs. Bain were well suited, one realization that he was the victim of a stand. Still a man must fight back for the other. It was that dead first gentle tyranny-that he had fallen capwith such weapons as he may command. husband of hers who, invoked by her, tive to a combination enemy made up

was entirely too subtle for him; it left happiness whish might have been theirs. ful, lady and the memory of a deadfor himself. Beneath the domestic roof- rative begins, it already had got upon tree, where his wife sat in judgment on his nerves. He had come to the point one fashion or another, the latter was him, his ways, his small shortcomings where frequently he wished there had or his larger faults, he completely was never been such a tiding as a first husat a loss for proper rebuttal. It gave band. him such a helpless feeling. It would have given any normal man a helpless feeling. And Mr. Bain was in all essential regards a normal man-a good Ettizen, a good provider and, as husbands go, an average fair husband.

I would do Mrs. Bain no injustice. She was a normal woman, too. But it



Is there any one in this country who does not know the name of Irvin S. Cobbf Or what that name stands for in American literature!

American literature?

He has been and done many things; newspaperman, war correspondent, author, play-wright, etc—there isn't space enough to chronicie all the ground he has covered, but from the time he first began between her selvinged her continued her has been selvinged her continued her continued her has been selvinged her continued her continue writing he has been claimed by his fellow-countrymen in a way that seems to make him belong to his admirers individually.
It has been said of him by his
friend, Robert H. Davis: "In
Cobb we find Mark Twain,
Bret Harte and Edgar Allan
Poe at their best," but to us
see who said him he is int him
each him he is int him. who read him he is just him-self. Irvin S. Cobb, the most popular humorist in the United States.

we should employ it. Her dvantage was a very great one. Her criticisms of Mr. Bain took the form of measuring him off against the conceived picture of her first husband.

and Mr. Bain was an honorable manand Mr. Bain was an honorable man—

But, as a newly married man, how a deep note of sincerity which seemed may not speak ill of the dead. What is could be suit himself? He clad himself to hold his listeners without difficulty. produced no proof to support the asser-tion. For he had never seen as prede-festal occasion. She gave him an apcessor. He knew nobody who had known the deceased. The present Mrs. Bain had been for three years a widow when first he set eyes on her. She had lately returned then from Honolulu; it was in Honolulu that she had been gentleman should dress for dinner."

Itestal occasion. She gave him an approving look when, ten minutes later, he presented himself before her.

"Tom," she said as they sat down, "I think you always should dress for dinner. Arthur always said that a gentleman should dress for dinner."

TONLY Mrs. Thomas Bain had been bereft, as the saying is, by the hand of He stared at her, pussled. content to compare Mr. Thomas Bain death. And Honolulu is a long distance with men about him, he, for counter- from Brockway, Mass., where Tom thur?" arguments, would not have been put at Bain's people, a stay-at-home stock, serious disadvantage. Out of her am- had lived these five generations past.

shells to fire in his own defense. Did occasions when Mrs. Buin, with a sad- "Oh," he said, like that. That was she, for instance, cite polished beauty dened, almost a wistful, air was moved all he said for a minute or so. He was of Mr. So-and-So's drawing-room be- to remind herself of her first husband's thinking. havior, speaking with that subtle in- marvelous qualities-temperament, dis- She was thinking, too. Practically Section which as good as said that his position, tact, amiability, or what not- all women are popularly supposed to society manners left much to be there was for her second husband noth- have intuition, and certainly this pardesired, Mr. Bain's rebuttal would have ing to do except to suffer on in an ticular woman had her share of it. been prompt and ready. He would have impotent silence. It is not well that Probably it was in that very moment

But Mrs. Bain's method of attack kept rising up to mar the reasonable of an affectionate, if somewhat masterhim practically weaponless. Out in the The thing was getting on his nerves. and-gone personality. Mrs. Bain's first world he amply was competent to fend Indeed, at the time this briefened nar-

> THERE were even times when he al-I most permitted himself the wish that there never had been such things as second husbands, either.

With the acute vividness of a warscarred veteran remembering the first time he was shot, he could reconstruct fashioned an advantage to fit our hands the occasion when Mrs. Bain's former husband first came into his life. They had been married just two months then. The honeymoon was in its last quarter. If the couple were ever to go along together in harmony the time had now come when mutual understanding must succeed the period of adjustment and balance. She had the benefit of experience on her side; for she had been through the process once before. Tom Bain might be a green hand at this business of being married, but, subconsciously, he was beginning to adjust himself in his ordained and proper place in the matrimonial scheme as it related to him and this very charming lady. In other words, he had reached the place where he was slipping out of the bridegroom pose into the less studied and more matter-of-fact status of a husband. He was ready to quit acting though with regard for the limitations DAVID SANGREE talked with her and restrictions imposed by the new estate upon which he had entered.

The campaign against him-we may prearrangement. Lydia belonged to the as well call it a campaign-opened on vast army of masterless women. Durthe evening following their return from ing the war she had worn her Emerthe trip to White Sulphur. That first gency Aid uniform so constantly that day at his desk had been a hard one; there were those who averred she slept so much which seemed to require his in it at night. But now, her occupersonal attention had accumulated nation gone she was devoting her acwhile he was away. He left the office pretty well tired out. On his way home he built up a pleasant --ision of a nice quiet little dinner and then a peaceful erature. To that end the visit of David hour or so in the living room in slippers Sangree was most opportune and she and an old smoking jacket.

Mrs. Bain met him at the door with a humor. This, he decided, was the best one, perhaps, in all that assemblage of all possible worlds to live in, and his could have drawn him out as Lydia sible ways of living. "You're late dearest." she said.

indulging in the perpendicular pro-"You've just time to run upstairs and slip on your evening clothes. I've laid noun. But she submerged herself in "Why, there's nobody coming in for dinner, is there?" he asked. She drew away from him slightly. the interest of his narrative and, in David Sangree found himself, quite un-

"No, there's no one coming," she "Well," he said, "I'm rather fagged sordid tale, uncolored, of plague, pesti-

out and I sort of thought that, seeing there'd be only the two of us, I'd come to the table just as I am."
"Very well, dear," she said, "suit yourself."

But he took note that she had shortened the superlative "dearest" to "dear." Also she slipped herself out "dear." Also she slipped herself out of the circlet of his encircling arm. Mohun had said, "like a book," and she was not too dull to be aware of her father's insistence. So she proceeded the present. And her first husband was dead. Now, have trace-of an autumnal chill in the

more, had he, under stress of provoca- in the starchy shirt, the high tight tion, been minded to retort that after all collar that pinched his throat, the Mrs. Bain's first husband was not pinchy patent leathers, and all the rest pared unfavorably with almost every dry-as-dust philosopher thrust down

A Gwan to Bed Story By J. P. McEVOY

ONCE upon a time, dear children, auto, "because I think, and you don't, there was a big street car flat- You have a one-track mind. But me, I am free. I go everywhere and I observe and reflect. And, besides, my Theeling it down the street, BLUMP, serve and reflect. And, besides, my BLUMP, BLUMP, and alongside of it brain isn't muddled listening to all the scooted an automobile, BLIPPETY, dumb conversation you get all day long, they bumped and blippetied they talked.
"Whaddye making such a racket copied to the talked."

they bumped and blippetied they talked.

"Whaddye making such a racket about?" said the auto. "Sounds terrible. You don't see me running when I've got a flat tire."

"I have to run." replied the street cars."

"Yes, but there isn't so many of groups which followed joined the new-you drag up and down the streets all day. All the flat heads standing on their flat arches, making flat conversations. No wonder you have flat wheels. There's only one live thing about you.

"Thanks," said Sangree. "It has the proven been very pleasant." We got aft tire." Yes, but there isn't so many of "Yes, but there isn't so many of "I have to run," replied the street ear, proully. "If I dight how would be street all." Think of all the dumb diladgue ear, proully. "If I dight the work of the first heads standing on the first heads the first heads standing on the first heads the first heads standing on the first

"Arthur?" he echoed, "who's Ar-

"My first husband," she explained. "Arthur looked so well in his evening

husband was persistently dogging Mrs. Bain's second husband. Daily, after reminded of the late Arthur. Arthur, it seemed, had never lost his temper. What made the comparison hurt the more was the indubitable fact that Mr. Bain occasionally did lose his. Arthur had never raised his voice above the low-pitched key of innate refinementno matter how irritated he might be,

SYNOPSIS

Miss Lydia Brampton, according to the

lost no time in acquainting herself with

his experiences in the Near East. No

Brampton did, for she was known

as the human question-mark when not

the general conversation that followed,

intentionally, the center of a group

which listened as he talked. It was a

lence and famine, of battle, murder and

suiden death, and, the crust of his

reserve broken, Sangree warmed to his

hobby which was that of attempting

to save a Christian people from ex-

boyant self-confidence to which she was

accustomed, there was in his even tones a deep note of sincerity which seemed

According to the standards that Cherry

of herself. She had made up her mind

drawing room upon these occasions with an air of furtiveness and unease. But

had set, this ethnologist person com- airplane with Dicky without having this

conversation with Mr. Lycett to listen bargain. But she felt intuitively that,

to the dry insistence of his voice, no matter how boring, she must do as

which, though unpleasant to the ear, her father wished at least this once, for

thority which compelled her in spite so strange that neither her mother nor

to snub him, but he hadn't given her Outside, upon the terrace, Jim Mohun pointed out the beauties of the

the chance.

It was seldom that Jim Mohum had found time to make an appearance at any of his wife's "at homes," espectable light since she had chosen to dedicate cially since she had chosen cially since she cially since she cially since she ciall

her Sunday afternoons to the patronage through the bordering forests.

Old place I picked up—only the buildings and gardens are new. You

Striking

Romance of

Rise and

American

Family-

Comeback

Fall of an



By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes

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"Excuse me, Dr. Sangree," she said with a laugh, "but you don't seem

"Martelli," said the Italian, bowing breeches seeming very straight and

of the stuff that 'aces' are made of

herself in for such an unpleasant after- could be so lost to all sense of conven-

noon. It was almost enough to have tional morality as had been indicated to

been cheated out of her flight in the him. He joined her in a moment.

It was awkwardly done at best and junction of his host.

to Cherry seemed too pointed to be

can't grow woods like those over-

"Hard job during the war to keep

'Handsome." muttered Sangree, his

Arthur had been so tidy; never left his clothes lying about where he dropped them. Arthur had not given her a cross word in all the seven years of their life together. Arthur invariably had been so considerate of her feelings. It

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

Are Plappers as Bad as They're Painted? Are Jazz-Boye All Limbs

"Excuse me, Dr. Sangree," she said with a laugh, "but you don't seem of he stuff that 'aces' are made of." "I'm not," he said with some dig-

haps after all her afternoon was not to be wasted. He was so stodgy and self-satisfied, and his dignity affronted her. She would have liked to stick a pin in him to see if he would really

"You're full of surprises, Dr. Sangree," she went on. "I didn't know ethnologists ever did anything so exciting."

him through his goggles. "The war has done some astonishing things to us all," he said. She caught the significant note in

feel, the reproach.

rather scornful. Against his will Sangree?"

"I don't see what difference it can Sangree followed her, obeying the inmake whether it pleases me or not." "Oh, I know. Mr. Lycett told me." He was very uncomfortable, for he she said with warmth, "you belong to quite agreeable. That was the trouble was sure that she did not mean to be with dad, he always had to be offering polite. On each occasion when they the crowd who think that the United

motion by coming to the Un States," he said with a dry laugh. if goggle-eyes was mixed in some of her case more marked than at the present. termination. If he talked, as Cherry father's business ventures? And yet He wasn't sure that he did not share them to the terrace, acquiescent but difficult to believe that any young feif she had been more polite. As it
was she seemed like a spoiled child.

"You ride?" she asked indifferently. "Oh, yes. I had to-a good dealyoung man of her acquaintance, and her throat. Now, probably, she would in the East. That was the only way

young man of her acquaintance, and her throat. Now, propagity, and to get about."

yet she found herself pausing in her miss her ride on "Bramble" into the "Stupid—unless you're going across country. That's good fun, but it's not in it with flying." And then, as though anticipating the disappointment when women fainted at the sight of blood or went into hysterics when they couldn't have their own way? Lots of good women like that would have done in this war!" she finished concarried with it a kind of mild au- he did look tired and worried. It seemed in his reply, "Maye you ever flown? "Oh, it's gorgeous, isn't it?"
"Oh, yes, but it's very alarming."
"Alarming! You mean you're frighttemptuously.
Sangree smiled faintly. Her petu-

ened?"
Yes, always. Of course when it's necessary one does such things. But I can't see the slightest need of risking one's life when there's nothing to be gained by it."

"Oh!" she said with a shrug, as she compared him with the magnificent Dicky. "Of course if you're fright-"I've never gone up without thinking I'd come down in a mess, and it went against the grain when you sent the other fellow down that way. It was

of Satan? She wasn't quite certain that she believed him. A hero who was frightened !

nity. "I wasn't an ace. or anything like it. You asked me if I'd flown. I merely answered your question."

His air of pique amused her. Per-

He smiled and stared straight before

his words, and imagined, if she did not

"the world doesn't please you now, Dr.

people on the altar of business ex- had met she had given evidence of States is going to the devil."
"No. The devil has saved some waste pediency. What affair was it of hers strong distaste for his society, in no

"In exactly what don't we please you?" she mocked. "You see, there are so many of us, and so few of you." Perhaps we had better change the

subject ""
"I don't want to change the sub-

Sangree smiled faintly. Her petu-lance was rether surprising.

"Let me remind you," he said coolly,
"that my own point of view need not
concern you in the least."

"It does. I'm one of the good little
people that the devil has come to. I
smoke, Dr. Sangree; I drink; I play
bridge for money; I spend my time
where I please. I even drive late at
night with reckless young men who where I please. I even drive late at night with reckless young men who smash machines against fences and have to be towed in, in disgrace, by per-fectly respectable ethnologists who look 

Arthur tagging along, making a crowd desire to see fustice done. Where I of three of what otherwise might have was I could not rest in peace knowing

it's always darkest just before the dawn. me an unwitting accomplice, as it were. In this instance, though, deliverance to your lying campaign. came to the oppressed, not with the twice. At midnight, as they were entering their house, Mrs. Bain renewed her remarks on a matter to which reference already had twice been made on the way home in the cab.

must repeat again that, to my way of thinking, no amount of exasperation fabulous creature. Your peace of mind could have justified you in showing your has been sessiously affected. Before feelings as you did show them at least your eyes I have been held up as a partwice at that card table. Now, Arthur agon-J. And I resent the slander on would never-"

At this instant Mr. Bain's finger no self-respecting memory should be found the push button just inside the crappelled to stand. Hir, I wish you to jamb of the living room door and the know the truth: I was not a paragon, lights flashed on. What next ensued- and I thank God for it. I was not the the vocal part of it, I mean—might have perfect he shand this woman would have suggested to an savesdropper had there you believe. I was fussy, faulty, been one that the vowel sounds in their crotchety—and I am proud of it!" proper order were being repeated by two persons laboring under strong ex- attack, was reviving, was rallying to citement.

"Eh?" That was his astounded speech returned to her. efaculation.

"E-e-e-e!" A shrill outcry, part scream, part squeal, from her. "I—I—" Mr. Bain again,
"Oh!" Mrs. Bain's turn.

"You!" Her startled gasp of recog-"Yes, Evelyn, that's who it in." This, in matter-of-fact tones, was a

third voice speaking.

and Mrs. Bain silent. Standing in the middle of the floor

I prefer "shadow." It had the outline, somewhat wavery

and uncertain, of a man. It had the voice of a man-a voice calm, assured, almost casual. It had the garb of a man, or at least it had the nebulous no substance to it, none whatsoever. It had no definable color, either. It had rather the aspect of a figure of 1 man done in lines of very thin smoke. tinguish, as through a patch of huze, the pattern of the wall paper behind it. And now, as it spoke again, you could, in some indefinable sort of way, see its and traveling on up and up and so out of its lips. It was no more than a patch of fog, modeled by some unearthly magic into vaporous semblance of a human form. It was inconceivable, impossible, an incredible figment of the imagination, and yet there it was.

himself. The shackles of twelve months of bottled-up restraint fell from him.

"Are you?" he answered. "Well, will not be necessary for me to address the most result of the shackles of twelve months of bottled-up restraint fell from him.

"Are you?" he answered. "Well, will not be necessary for me to address the most result of the second line.

torso of its occupant. Mechanically, moving jerkily, Mr. Bain followed sult; he likewise took a chair. Mrs. Bain uttering clæked, whimpering sounds down in her throat, already had fallen upon a couch and huddled there. It was just as well the couch had been handly nearby, for her legs would no longer support her.

spiritualists and trance medulus and delvers into the occult—a meddlesome, nosy lot, too, I may add—will make your life a burden for you. So have a care, Evelyn!

"Sir. to you I extend my best wishes. I'm sorry we didn't meet before. But, the couch her delve medulus and delvers into the occult—a meddlesome, nosy lot, too, I may add—will make your life a burden for you. So have

past to bring about this meeting. In fact, ever since shortly after your second marriage to this gentleman, I have ject," she said quickly. "It's very amusing. You don't like the manners of the day. Why not, Dr. Sangree' Won't you answer me?"

As he was silent she went on in a half-bantering tone, "You like the age of ruffles and lavender, don't you— of the obstacles. I merely state that was a silent of the obstacles. I merely state that the sight of the obstacles. I merely state that the state of the obstacles. I merely state that the does not believe in ghosts either. But Mrs. they were very great. As you will notice, I am not able even yet to attain the seeming self-dity—weight and specific density—which I craved to take on. So I just came along in the some-what sketchy and incomplete guise in the coats. All rights recoved, Reproduction prohibited,

been a congenial company of two.

But, as some one has most aptly said, rageously and, what was worse, making

"Everyn, you have been a footleh, graduations of the spreading dawn, but wicked woman. You have done this rather with the solid emphasis of a bolt gentleman here"—including Mr. Bain, from the blue. There had been an with a wave of a spectral arm-"a evening of bridge with the Tatums, and cruel wrong. But what, from my point Bain, who played well, had for a part- of view is even worse, you have done ner Mrs. Tatum, who didn't. It is me a grave yrong as well. I may be barely possible that he had betrayed only a memory—I may say that that, a passing emotion of testiness once or precisely, is what I am—but even a memory has its feelings, its sense of responsibility, its obligations to itself,

"Very well, having made that point clear, I rhall proceed: Sir, for nearly "My dear," she was saying, "I really a year past you have been intimidated my neste. It has been an insult which "Oh, Arthur !" Mrn. Bain, under

her own defense at powers of coherens "Don't 'Oh, Arthur' me," he

snapped, "but listen; and you, too, sir,

if you will be so good. We quarreled

frequently in those years of our married life. - Blie complained of my brusque ways, of my fits of intitability, of my refusal to like many o, the people that she persisted in liking, of my tastes and my habits and inclinations. She didn't care for some of my friends; I didn't A FTER this for a moment the spell care for some of hers. I objected to any number of things about her—and rarely refrained from saying su. She has told you that between us there was facing them was a shadow. I use the never a cross word. Bah! There were word advisedly. With equal propriety tens of thousand of cross words. When I might write down "apparition" or we got on each other's nerves, which "wraith" or "shape" or "spirit" to was often, neither of us hesitated to let describe that which confronted them. it be known. When we disagreed over something-or anything-we argued it out. We loved each other, but merely loving did not make either of us angelic. We quarreled and made up and quarreled some more. We fell out and we fell back together again. There were faint suggestion of garbing. But it had times when we were like a pair of cooing dovs and again there were times when the proverbial monkey and parrot had little if anything on us. In short, and in fine, sir, we behaved just as the You could look right through it and dis. average reasonably well-mated married couples do behave. And for my own sake, and incidentally for yours, sir, 1

"That, I believe, is pratically all possible, an incredible figment of the imagination, and yet there it was.

Its second speech was addressed to Mr. Bain, who had frozen where he was, his finger still touching the pushbutton, his eyes enlarged to twice their size and his lower jaw sagged.

"You are astonished? Permit me to introduce myself. I am Arthur—Mrs. Isain's first husband. I am glad to meet you." Mr. Bain, under this shock, came to side. My stock of patience is no greater feel, the reproach.

"Exactly what do you mean?" she asked, turning quickly.

"Just what I say. We've all done things we didn't think we could do. And the world is hardly the same place that it was six years ago."

"H—m," she muttered, ironically, "the world doan" the world is hardly the same place that it was six years ago."

The Thing took a chair. And the back of the chair cloudily revealed itself as a world doan the world is hardly the same place that it was six years ago."

The Thing took a chair. And the back of the chair cloudily revealed itself as a world doan the world is hardly the same place that it was six years ago."

The Thing took a chair. And the back of the chair cloudily revealed itself as a world doan the world is hardly the same place the world to will be graded to meet you.

The voice was monish you personally a second time. Because I warn you here and now that monish you personally a second time.

The thing to will be graded to meet you.

The voice was will be used to will be monish you personally a second time.

The thing to will not be necessary for me to adminish you personally as second time.

The thing the world to will not be necessary for me to adminish you personally as second time.

The thing the world to will not be necessary for me to adminish you personally as second time.

The thing to will no be pieces about you in the paper and spiritualists and trance mediums and

would not have you believe differently.

handlly nearby, for her legs would no longer support her.

Her first husband—we may as well call him that—turned to her.

"Control yourself. Evelyn," he bade here. "Theret is no occasion for any excitement. Besides, those curious sounds which you are now emitting annoy me. I haven't long to stay and I have much to say."

He cleared his throat—the process might be followed with the eye as well as by ear—and proceeded:

"I have been endeavoring for months past to bring about this meeting. In the word into a swoon, It also should be noted that even as he spranges."

Uncommon Sense : The Treasure Hunt By JOHN BLAKE

work.

THE writer has lately looked over the | tain Kidd, for example, are about on record of a remarkable treasure in a million. Yet the romance of treas-A sea captain, a man of seventy, had new document purporting to be a may told a number of acquaintances that,

hunt, made nearly thirty years ago. as a boy, he sailed on a vessel in the South Seas, and had seen deposited TREASURE hunts make delightful many millions of dollars of treasure, I fiction tales, but that is all the part taken by pirates from vessels that were bearing to Europe the gold taken from the mines which a short time before had been found in Australia.

He at last made a party of perhaps fifteen near believe his ears, and can be dug out by hard but unromantic work.

fifteen men believe his story. These men raised money, bought a schooner, and sent eight of their number with the old captain to discover the treasure, which was supposed to be on one of the many islands in the South

THE treasure was not discovered. ONLY the student of psychology can get much romance from such a treasure hunt as this. But the seeker The captain showed indications of treasure hunt as this. having lost his mental balance, and was taken back to the United States a pristiken back to the United States a pristike romance go.

Here the chances are about even, for

oner.

And the fifteen men, having lost their money and two years of their time, went back to useful work.

Thus most treasure hunts end. The chances of finding the treasure of Cap-